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En Pointe



ballet

pointe

teenfiction

39 1 4

Chapter 1 by lexi willbrand

I swear my feet are on fire. The teachers and other people around me see beauty and elegance. I feel pain.

I guess, that's my own choice, though. I choose to put myself through this pain. I choose to damage my toes and toenails beyond repair. I choose to go en pointe. The crazy thing is, no matter how much it hurts, I will choose pointe over anything else. Everytime.

We finished class and I stared at myself in the mirror a terrifying realization hitting me like a ton of bricks: I'm everything a boy doesn't want. I have an almost non-existent chest and butt. I may be flexible but I'm not willing-yet-to use it in that context. For now, my body belongs to ballet.

I walked over to my car parked in front of my studio and sat in the front seat. I looked around at the dark cloudless night. It was a black canvas dotted with bright spots of paint some called stars. It was truly beautiful at 9:30 on that unfortunate Tuesday night.

She didn't see it coming. Neither driver did.

Chapter 2 by Maize0214



I started my car and pulled out of the studio parking lot. I had started to drive down the street

towards my apartment. A car came hurtling her at a speed faster than lightning. All I could do is sit there and wait for it to be over.

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Glass shattered and landed everywhere, pebbles cutting through my skin. I reached up to her head and felt something v

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hand. Even though that I was a dancer and I was used to bleeding toes, I was sensitive to blood, especially blood coming out of me.

The next few hours were a blur for me. I remember someone knocked on my window but I didn't listen. I heard the car door open but didn't react. I was too much in shock to do anything. I felt two warm hands wrap around my body and lift me up. I opened up my eyes and looked up to see a man staring back at me. He looked like an angel to me, a glowing ring around his head. Maybe I was hallucinating but still, he was one of the most attractive people I had ever seen. Looking past him, I saw the painted sky was now blurred and the stars looked more like streaks in the sky.

The man lightly placed me into an ambulance and got in beside me. Who was the strangely handsome man? I felt the same warm feeling, around my hand this time, and I grabbed it back. I knew where I was going. I was being taken to a hospital. When we arrived, the warm feeling went away and I blacked out completely.

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